ODD CAMPAIGN TYPES

JAP MILLER, WHOM RILEY IMMOR-TALIZED IN A SET OF VERSES.

A Queer Character in Morgan County Running for Office-Fred McCoy and His "Choir."

Whenever there is an enthusiastic campaign Indiana can always be depended on to produce a number of picturesque figures, who seem to have been originally designed by nature for clowns, but who have never stirred from their communities, in each of which they are recognized as one of the "characters" of the village. It is not often that one of these political moss agates, peculiar to the Hoosier soil as Jerry Simpson is to the prairies of Kansas, has his name embalmed in the contemporaneous history of the times as has the story-telling Jap Miller, of Martinsville, the Democratic candidate for joint Senator for Morgan and Johnson counties, James Whitcomb Riley made Jap Miller famous in his "Rhymes of Childhood" long before the Democrats had the temerity to run him for office. Riley spent one season roaming over the hills and through the dales along Indian creek and between times drinking the mineral water from Eb. Henderson's well at Martinsville. Jap Miller stopped him one day on the street to borrow a "chaw o' tobacker" and by way of pay told the Hoosler poet a broad-gauge country story. From that day Jim Riley and Jap Miller "wuz com'ards." Wherever Jap Miller took a notion to make his little throne, be it a goods box in front of a store or at the druggist's corner, there a crowd quickly gathered to hear him spin his yarns. He did it so well that he is now running for the Legislature, but with little show of winning, for the Republicans are turning things topsy-turvy in Jap Miller's "deestrict." However, none can ever rob him of his fame in the following lines by Riley:

Jap Miller, down at Martinville's the blamdest feller yit! When he starts in a talkin' other folks is 'Pears like that mouth o' his'n wasn't made fer nothin' else, But he's to argify 'em down and gather in He'll talk you down on tariff; 'er he'll talk you down on tax,

And prove the pore man pays 'em all-and them's about the facs!-Religion, law, 'er politics, prize fightin' 'er Jes' tech Jap up a little and he'll post you bout 'em all.

And the comicalist feller ever tilted back And tuck a chaw tobacker kind o' like he There's where the feller's strength layshe's so common-like an' plain— They hain't no dude about old Jap, you bet -narry grain!

They 'lected him to Council and it never turned his head, And didn't make no difference what anyhe didn't dress no finer, ner rag out in fancy clothes; But his voice in Council meetin's is a turrer to his foes.

He's fer the pore man ever' time! And in the last campaign He stumped old Morgan county through the sunshine and the rain, And helt the banner up'ards from a trailin' in the dust. And cut loose on monopolies and cuss'd and cuss'd, and cuss'd! He'd tell some funny story, ever now and

then, you know, blame it, it wuz better'n a jack-o-lantern show, And I'd go furder, yit, to-day, to hear old Jap norate Then any high-toned orator 'at ever stumped the State.

W'y, that air blame Jap Miller, with his keen sircastic fun, Has got more friends than ary candidate at ever run: Don't matter what his views is, when he states the same to you, They allus coincide with your'n, the same as two and two; You can't take issue with him-er, at least, they hain't no sense In startin' in to down him, so you better

not commence-The best way's jes' to listen, like your humble servant does,
And jes' concede Jap Miller is the best man ever wuz!

Another figure in this campaign is Capt. William T. Crawford, of Sullivan, who introduced General Harrison to his fellowcitizens the day his train was there. Bill Crawford is a grandiloquent talker, and in his remarks on this occasion he declared that "Mr. Harrison, the equal, if not the peer of an American statesman, will address you himself."

Then, there is Free Kelley, of Waterloo, known as "Fog-horn Kelley" in the last Legislature. He was a Democrat at that time, and when he began to speak in the House the people across the hall in the Benate chamber had to raise their voices to be heard. He is now a redhot Populist and is running for Congress on the third party ticket in the Twelfth district.

None of these men, however, can com-pare with Fred McCoy, the Rensselaer hog and cattle buyer, who has taken to the stump in the Tenth district to work off some of his superabundant Republican enthusiasm. McCoy has made enough money out of hogs to be the head of McCoy & Son's Bank, at Rensselaer, but he lets his boys run the bank. Recently he hired a choir, bought a patent medicine man's wagon and started out to stir up things in Jasper county. McCoy is said to be one of the most profane men who ever drew breath, and the many stories that have been told on him have made his name a cuss word, almost, in pretty nearly every county in the Tenth district from Lake to Cass. His queer and original way of holding a campaign meeting with his choir makes him a greater drawing card than Sam Jones at a religious revival. He will drive into a country town and pull up opposite the public square. The choir wih sing until the crowd gathers and then McCoy

"Friends, Brethren and Fellow-Republicans-You know that under Ben Harrison's administration times was good, and you know that under Grover Cleveland's administration times is harder than . If you don't want to have to be makin' soup this winter out of your undershirts you better vote the Republican ticket. The choir will now sing while I collect more thoughts." After the choir has given the crowd a song McCoy rises and continues:

will stand up and begin as follows:

You know the factories at Hammond are shut down. They hain't runnin' at Kokomo, nor Logansport, nor Peru. When the men can't work they can't get money to buy meat, and when the people can't buy meat how in the - can I buy your hogs, and sheep, and cattle? The choir will sing while I collect more thoughts." McCoy will go on in this way for thirty minutes and then drive to the next town. The other day a man in the audience interrupted McCoy and inquired whether he might ask him a question, and McCoy replied: "You can ask all you — please, but first tell me, are you a Republican?"

'No," said the man. "Are you a Democrat?" asked McCoy. "No, I am not."

"Then what in the --- are you?" "I'm a Populist," said the stranger.
"You're a — fool," yelled McCoy. "The choir will sing." A Populist orator in White county challenged McCoy to a joint debate, and Mc-Coy couldn't accept it too quick. He hired a special train, loaded it with three hundred of his Jasper county friends, got all the bands in the county and went forth to meet the Populist. The speaking was at a little village, and McCoy's friends greatly outnumbered the enemy. McCoy spoke first, talking an hour and a half. When it came time for the Populist McCoy's friends set up a great shout, and, accompanied by their bands, marched to the special train and rode back home with another feather

in the hat of Mr. McCoy. THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAM.

He Is Hard to Rope and a Deal of Trouble to Bring Down.

Red Lodge Picket. On the first of last week Frank Chatfield succeeded in roping a Rocky mountain ram on the foothills of the Sunlight mountains, about fifty miles from this city. To catch and hold up a full-grown animal of this species is a feat that has heretofore probably never before been accomplished. Mr. Chatfield is a strong and hardy mountaineer, having passed most of his life in the wild recesses of the Rocky mountains, and has been combining trapping, prospecting and stockraising for a number of years past in the Sunlight valley, through which winds a rugged stream that empties into the Clark's Fork river in the box canyon, making its final appearance over a grand fall of seventy-five feet in height.

During this particular hunt Mr. Chatfield saw a fine specimen of the Ovis Montana on a ledge of rock far up the hill, and with You can common lariat determined to make an Huegele's. You can get the finest fried bass at

effort to catch the animal. Crawling up a dry guich he kept out of sight of the ram and reached a reef of rock about thirty feet above it. Looking over the edge of this he saw the monarch of the mountains, and the animal also saw Mr. Chatfield. It immediately jumped over the ledge, and with a couple of bounds landed on another ledge about thirty-five feet below. The dog was sent after the sheep and brought it to a standstill about two hundred feet away. Chatfield followed and again got a few feet above the ram and threw his rope. It landed around one of the ram's horns and a hard tussle for the mastery took place. First the sheep would have the best of the struggle and then the man. Being on a narrow ledge of rock it was a very dangerous position and Mr. Chatfield was liable to fall over with disastrous results. Finally the man succeeded in getting down to a comparatively safe descent, and with the assistance of the dog got the sheep started down the mountain. As neither party could go exactly as they wished, they soon got tangled in the rope and both sheep and man started in a bundle, rolling down to the bottom of the hill, where they landed decidedly the worse for their rough scramble over the rocks. His sheepship was roped around both hind feet and afterward the rope was arranged around both horns, in which condition he was taken to the Chatfield ranch, where he is now securely confined. The specimen is a magnificent one and will very likely be sent to some large zoological garden. Its horns measure seventeen inches in circumference and have a two-foot spread. Some time previous to catching this sheep, Mr. Chatfield caught three ewes in the same manner, but as they were not so large and unmanageable they did not cause so much

A LITERARY OCTAVE.

The evolution of literature in every age and country is marked by stages. There is the period of the dawn; another period of the full morning; a third of high noon, and then, perhaps, an age of the setting sun. They who have the literary inspiration produce according to the epoch. The literature of the imagination precedes that of reason. Thus epoch of poetry comes before the epoch of prose. As soon as a race or community finds itself possessed of a vehicle of literary expression and moved by the passion of writing the bards appear. Poetry is the first form of literary flight; after that comes the multifarious evolutions

The earlier decade of the present century was noted for the extent and variety of composition in verse. A great deal of this has perished-only the better quality has been preserved; enough to make us acquainted with the poetical style of the forerunners of our subsequent literary development. Not till after the civil war, however, was poetry as an art and profession sufficiently patronized to favor the production in more

In our literary dawn facilities for publication did not exist. The poems of the colonial age were done into manuscript, to be put away in the rude drawers of the cabin bureau. Not often were the fragmentary Iliads of the frontier seen in printed form. The early songs, however, gave token in many of their features of a brilhant age that was to follow. The Territory was rife with poems. At length numbers of these were printed, and found their way to distant parts, testifying that hopefulness had followed the descendants of the Puritans and the Huguenots to their homes in

Perhaps the pre-eminence of Indiana in recent literature has been attained most largely by the success of her authors in prose fiction. A few of the most distinguished Indiana writers in this field have reached an international fame. The style of such, as well as the fascinating subject-matter of their productions, entities them to a first rank in the consideration of our literature. The breadth, solidity and beauty of other form and styles deserve more than the brief mention that space permits. The estion in the field of belle-letters. When diverted to the channels of philosophy, they have reached out to questions of society and state. Our neighbors at the present time have attained a national, if not an international, reputation. The personal teachings of their abundant literary productions have acquired confidence abroad and appreciation here at home.

We can run the gamut of literature and not go beyond our native heath. The first note was probably struck by Edward Eggleston in the dialect that has become associated with Indiana. The note is regarded by many (notably by Judge Mc-Nutt, though born a Buckeye, yet loyal in every fibre to the State of his adoption) as false in the portrayal of our true language. However that may be, the tones have echoed down the aisles of the years, have been caught by other voices and reverberated until shaped by Wallace into artistic molds of the utterances of great-

As our new country sought to speak to the outside world in language adapted to its power, the poet arose, whose outburst, of song marked a period where the heroic in history joins hands with the softer elements in human nature-each as a means to a common end. In history we have Dr. Ridpath returning to solve the riddle of the Sphinx; while delvers less deep have won recognition from the secrets of our multi-gifted State. Comparisons in the art of perpetuating what is best fitted to live we have Benjamin S. Parker and James Whitcomb Riley, whose tender accents smooth many a tone of stern necessity in the swell of Time's battle-song. It may seem a matter of little labor to speak the language of Poetry, but less easy of ac-complishment is the conquest of a nation by means of tetrameters.

There are other forms of expression giving to us an entertaining revelation of facts by the pen of the journalist, W. P. Fishback has struck the keynote to this rendition in his reminiscent papers and er village anecdotes, which beyond comparison with the modern says of Maurice Thompson. Each fills its niche in the completion of the literary drama. Richard W. Thompson, though pre-eminent in biography, after a life of over four score years, still moves the people of the present day as a publicist of unusual power. It is said that at the age of sixty the silver-tongued orator began and vanquished the study of the Greek language. In science, as the pioneer understood its voice and pierced its recesses, the Dale-Owens represent, chronologically, the State of Indiana, and many with successful results have walked in their foot-

In briefly touching upon the public lecture as a means of presenting instruction to the busy man of this age, the well-informed mind of the teacher may accomplish much in voicing great truths to the inquiring student. Of this class Governor Cumback has given to his State in his latest utterances crystallized thought from an intimate knowledge of a long and

I have aimed to represent the passion of the human mind yearning for expression, by grouping a few harmonious forms that unite the story-teller, poet, historian, sci-entist, biographer, essayist, journalist, lec-

"Interpreters of nature who perceive The lines of life beyond the common ken. Prophets of truth, who give what they re-By inspiration, to the sons of men."

IDA MAY DAVIS. Huntington, Ind., Oct. 26.

SOUGHT MEDICAL AID. An Intelligent but Suffering Dog Visits a Denver Physician.

Denver Republican. Last Sunday Drs. Coover and Bagot, and Dr. Marburg, of Pueblo, were seated on the porch of the residence of Dr. Coover, when a small water spaniel walked up the thirteen steps from the sidewalk and threw herself on her left side at Dr. Coover's feet. It was at once observed that something was wrong with her right eye. Examination showed that a polypus growth, or tumor, of the size of a hickory nut, was attached to the inner corner of the eye.
The assembled medicos at once decided on prompt action and a skillful combination of antiseptics, cocaine, forceps and seissors soon restored complete vision to the recumbent pup. No human patient could have endured the operation with greater fortitude. She did not even wince, and save for a whine when the forceps were applied to arrest the hemorrhage, seemed indifferent as to what was being done to

When all was over, much to the delight of the ladies of the household, who had evinced a lively interest in the proceedings. she remained at the house, regaling hersif on bones, etc., until 9 p. m., when she

On Monday morning, as Dr. Coover was leaving the house, loud barking caused him to look around to discover the patient of the previous day coming across the lots with every expression of delight. She threw herself at his feet in precisely the same attitude adopted before. The doctor examined the eye, which was found to be doing well, and the dog again went off. Up to the time of writing she

has not been seen again.

MERE PLEASANTRY.

What Disturbed Him.

It was a minister's small boy who was brought home from Sunday school not long ago accompanied by the disgraceful rumor

that he had been fighting with another small boy. Parental investigation elicited the following explanation: "Well, mamma, I was just sitting there an' a little boy kep' pinching me—an' I didn't know him at all—an' he kep' on

pinching me-an' I thought the teacher ought to hit him with her Jesus stick-an' she didn't-an' he kep' on pinching-an' so I hit him myself—an' he cried loud, an' teacher sent me home."
The peculiar implement of Sunday warfare which the small boy entitled "the Jesus stick" was discovered to be the pointer which the teacher used in explain-

His Funeral Attire.

Street-car patrons frequently have singular experiences. The other afternoon an electric car whizzing out among the back streets encountered a funeral procession just leaving a dwelling. The hearse was backed up against the curb in front of a small house and many hacks were ranged along the pavements of the square. Although there was no visible stir at the door of the small house the motorman stopped the car in good position to inspect what might happen and then entered the car and sat down. The passenger ventured a query:
"Are you going to stay here until that

funeral leaves?" "They're fixin' to bring out the corpse." the motorman replied. "There isn't any sign of it," the passen-ger remonstrated, "and I think you ought

"I'm not goin' on 'till they bring the corpse out," the sturdy motorman main-So the passenger had to submit to the motorman's heartfelt intention and desire to see "the corpse brought out." Patience, as usual, was its own reward, for, shortly after the sombre casket of the corpse was brought out came the sombre widow literally obliterated in gloomy crape. The gloom of the scene was mitigated, however, for she was weeping on the shoulder of a big fat man who was strangely decked for the event in a vivid watermelon pink

Diversions of an Octogenarian. "I've just had a letter from Uncle Hiram

out in Nebraska," said the man on the corner, as he fumbled in his coat pocket. "He is eighty-three and still as lively as ever. Perhaps you have noticed that these eighty-threers always are. He has recently encountered several accidents, he says, which are not, by any means, referable to old age. First, he was leading an old cow to water and she got the bit in her teeth and dragged him over a bench, and this said him up for several days. Then some bad boys put a barbed wire across the pavement and he took a headlong plunge over that. Next a loop of bailing caught in the ground and threw him full length; and after that, while mousing round in the cellar, he fell and broke a few ribs. While recovering he tried to ride a colt said to be gentle, and got another bad fall. Finally, coming home from church one night, he got a tumble which laid him up for a month, besides affecting his heart, lungs and liver. He is all right now, however, but can hardly write because his hand was recently caught in an inadvertent rat trap which he didn't know was loaded. A hallstorm ruined all his crops last summer, but that doesn't count. He is eighty-three and still as lively as ever."

They Missed Connection. Two Indianapolis dames of high degree had an unfortunate experience not long ago. A death had occurred in the circle of their acquaintances, and, as the family cemetery of the citizen who had died was a number of miles out in the country-and as it was a balmy October day-the two dames talked the matter over, and agreed that it was their bounden duty to attend that funeral. To be sure, the early afternoon hour and the foregoing of the customary afternoon naps was a trifle inconvenient. but ther that pleasant ride into the country and, poss bly, some palatable refreshment at the end of it, was not an opportunity to be lightly tossed aside. So the two friends of the bereaved family had early lunch, omitted their naps and hurried away to the funeral, equipped like Mrs. Tadgens-"with affection beaming out of one eye and calculation glaring out of the other." Fate relishes her jests, however, and, in the distribution of invitations to ride out in the country, the two zealous dames were mysteriously overlooked. Homeward they plodded, weary, if not sadder; dusty, if not wiser, and too apprecia-

Commercial Logic. The typewriter girl has her chapter of experiences with the begging portion of the

keep it to themselves.

ive of the fine humor of the episode to

"Where's the boss, lady? Ain't the boss in? Won't you gimme a nickel, lady? The boss allus gives me a nickel, en' he ain't in; please gimme a nickel, lady." This was the plaintive appeal of a blear-eyed, blowsey, bibulous-looking woman to the girl at the typewriter. The girl was a calculating little wretch, however, and some-thing of an amateur logician, too; so she tapped away on the keys and coldly answered:

"No, the boss ain't in, and I can't give you a nickel, either. If the 'boss,' with his thousands, is able to give you only a nickel, why, of course, I can't afford to give you anything. It would be too presumptuous-I couldn't think of it; he might discharge me for extravagance. Come in again when Whereupon the bibulous woman went off sniffling, and the adamantine typewriter girl sent out for a nickel's worth of bananas and scored one more personal gricy-

ance against the "boss." A Dog Story.

a dog will be profoundly interesting to a certain citizen of this city; but, up to date, none of his friends have dared relate it to him. He lives in suburban Indianapolis, and is away from home all day at his business in the city. On his country place he has a number of fine dogs, and has always paid special personal attention to the careful rearing of each particular dog. Of one quite expensive animal he is making a watchdog; keeps him tied up all day so that he will be fierce and bark at strangers; at night he loosens the dog for a little run and then ties him up again. Recently he was heard to complain that the plan was not working well-the dog did not, wax savage, but persisted in remaining as friendly as any kind old lady's Through the contingent womankind it has leaked out among friends of the family that the tender-hearted maiden sister who keeps house for him couldn't stand it to see that dog tied up, so she has been letting him run all day and then catching him and tying him up at night just before his master came home. In the name of humanity and for the sake of the dog and the maiden sister, it is to be hoped that these lines will not meet the eye of the man.

Sentiment That Survives. The honeyed remarks exchanged by youthful bridal couples have passed into tradition, and are tolerated genially only by very patient members of the human race; but a wise and wearied-looking young man files an affidavit that for real genuine, out-and-out love making the middie-aged people on anniversary occasions are far and away the most difficult to en-

"I was asked out on a nutting party last week," he said, "with two sets of married sweethearts about to celebrate their twentieth anniversary, or thereabouts; even to a suspicious person like myself, the occasion seemed to promise harmlessly, so 1 went. It was a bitter experience; the young woman provided to entertain me failed to appear, and I was all day at the mercy of four sets of bridal reminiscences All the conversation I heard was: 'Don't you remember, dearie?' and 'Yes, sweetheart, I remember; and 'It was about this time, love'-'Yes, dearie, so it was.' Then they would all tell each other how they hadn't changed a single bit-not a particle; and how 'It seems like yesterday, doesn' it, pretty?' and 'Yes, sweetheart, so it does' until I was about crazed. After this, I'll take the young spoons; for when they go off on a sentimental orgy they don't inveigle outsiders to help them celebrate.'

Mildred's Mistake.

Conversational misunderstandings will occur in the best-regulated social circles. Miss Mildred had recently lost her father, and the week following his burial a pet dog snapped savagely at her face, mangling her cheek to the extent of several surgical stitches. In an electric car, shortly after she had begun to appear in public again, a man of her acquaintance greeted her sympathetically, and, with her father's death in his mind, said: Miss Mildred, I have been away for a

month, and have only just now heard of But Miss Mildred's flighty little brain was centered on the narrow escape her piquant | haberdashery.

Just Got Them

Our buyer is now in New York and making daily shipments of nice "POOLE" OVERCOATS. Buying for prompt cash, means buying Buying cheap, means selling cheap. We know that five to eight dollars can be saved on a good garment, as well as "ONE" DOLLAR on a new Hat, at No. 10 West Washington street.

beauty had had in the case of the wicked poodle, so she replied in terms which greatly puzzled and deeply shocked the sympathetic man:
"Yes," she said, "wasn't it horrid? He
was a vicious beast."

THE ASSASSINATION PLOT OF 1861.

The Part Played by Allan Pinkerton in Protecting Abraham Lincoln. McClure's Magazine. Immediately on their arrival in Baltimore Mr. Pinkerton had stationed his detectives throughout that whole section of Maryland, and especially in the region along the railroad between Baltimore and Havre de Grace. Within a few days his agents had not only convinced him of the well-formed intention on the part of angry Southeners to destroy the railroad bridges and ferryboats, but reported the existence of a blacker plot against the President himself. On Feb. 9 Mr. Pinkerton learned on reliable authority that a distinguished citizen of Maryland had joined with others in taking a solemn oath to assassinate Mr. Lincoin before he should reach Washington. On the evening of Feb. 8 twenty conspirators in Baltimore had met in a dark som to decide by ballot which one of them

should kill the President as he passed through the city. It was agreed that the task should be intrusted to that one of their number who should draw a red ballot. Whoever was thus chosen was pledged not to disclose the fact, even to his fellow-conspirators. To make it absolutely sure that the plot would not be defeated at the last moment by accident or cowardice, eight red ballots instead of one were placed in the box from which they drew, unknown to the conspirators themselves, and eight determined men regarded themselves as thus chosen, by high destiny, to rid the country of an infamous tyrant. So they professed to believe, and their plans for the assassination were perfected to the smallest detail. The hour of the President's arrival in Baltimore was well known, and the line of march to be followed by his carriage across the city had been announced. In case there should be any change in the programme agents of the conspirators in he various Northern cities passed through by the presidential party were ready to apprise them of the fact. There would be an immense crowd in Baltimore at the Calvert-street Station when Mr. Lincoln arrived, and it was a matter of common knowledge that the Baltimore chief of police, George P. Kane, was in sympathy with the conspirators and had promised to send only a small force of policemen to the station, and to furnish no police escort whatever through the city. As soon as the President should leave the train a gang of roughs were to start a fight a few hundred yards away, and this would serve as a pretext for the police force to absent themselves for a few minutes. During this time the crowd would close around the hated Northerners, pushing and jostling them, and in the confusion some one of the conspirators would strike the deadly blow or fire the fatal shot. Each man was left free to accomplish the murder either including several of the railroad officials, were speeding eastward (from Harrisburg to Philadelphia) in a darkened car, no stop being made until they reached Downingtown, where the engine took water. Here all the party except Mr. Lincoln left the car for lunch, the President remaining alone in the shadows until his friends returned, bringing him a cup of tea and a roll. Again the train started and proceeded without incident to Philadelphia, where they were met at the West Philadelphia

given orders to the conductor, John Litzenburg, of the 10:50 p. m. train for Washington, not to start until he received an important package he would deliver into his hands personally. Immediately on leaving the train the party, including the President, Mr. Lamon and Allan Pinkerton, took seats inside the carriage and were driven down Market street as far as Nineteenth, then up that street as far as Vine street, and from there to Seventeenth street, the carriage moving slowly. The idea of these manoeuvers was to throw any one who might be following them off the track, and also to fill up the time between the time bethe train would start, as the special from Harrisburg had arrived sooner than was expected. When the carriage drew near the railroad station Mr. Kenney instructed the driver to proceed by a narrow cross street, so that the party might be in the shadow of the yard fence when they alighted. As soon as the carriage stopped Mr. Pinkerton sprang to the ground and led the way through the yards to the train they were to take, which was being held for orders. The perfection of Mr. Pinkerton's arrangements was now seen; for, while they were hurrying over the tracks, they were met by William Stearns, the master ma-chinist of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad, who whispered to the detective the reassuring words: "All is right." By previous arrangements made by Allan Pinkerton's famous woman detective, Kate Warn, three sections had been secured for the party in the sleeping car at the rear end of the train, and it had also been arranged that the rear door of this car should be left open for the con-venience of an invalid, who would be able to reach his berth more quietly. The porter in charge of the sleeping car, who made this unusual concession, was named Knox; and it was in a great measure due to his ntelligence and care that Mr. Lincoln was able to board the train and make the journey to Washington without any one out-

station, shortly after 10 o'clock, by Allan

Pinkerton, with a closed carriage. On the seat beside the driver was H. F. Kenney, superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wil-

side the immediate party suspecting his Once in his berth the President never showed his face until the following morning. Not even the conductor saw him, for Allan Pinkerton presented his ticket, explaining that his friend must not be disturbed. Guarding Mr. Lincoln on either side, and never closing their eyes through that anxious night, were George H. Bangs and Mrs. Kate Warn, two of Pinkerton's most trusted detectives, who were supposed by the train hands and passengers to be members of an ordinary family party.

THE VOGUE.

The Very Newest Item of Neckwear. Fashionable neckwear is now exhibited only by a stock contained in a show window. Fanciful fashion is so often changing her whims that a brief season is the life of a novelty. The latest now is the "Vogue" in neckwear, which is seen in Paul H. Krauss's west show window. The "Vogue' is an ideal wine shade with a tiny pin stripe running through it. The goods are made up in four-in-hand and club ties. They are winners, and the novel exhibit will not last long. A few of other popular articles shown by Mr. K. are pretty fancies in ladies' umbrellas, with weischel wood, acid-eaten wood and fir handles. They are as delicate as beautiful and stylish to a dot.

Bath robes, towels and slippers and all the requisites of a trim bath outfit are also

in the line of usefuls seen at Mr. Krauss's

MYSTERIES OF THE RUBY.

Extraordinary Peculiarities Presented in Its Structure.

Mineral Collector.

In an address before the Royal Institution in London Professor Judd said that all the romance associated with famous jewels and their history is of insignificant interest compared with the fascinating actualities which science has discovered in regard to the wonderful gem family-the aristocrats of the mineral kingdom. Eight years ago England was excited over the annexation of Burmah, and there were great expectations of what was to happen when the British capitalist got his hands on the celebrated ruby mines of that kingdom. Somehow or other these expectations have not been gratified.

The rubles are not forthcoming, but it is not to be presumed from this that Burmah has enjoyed a false reputation for those remarkable stones of price. Professor Judd showed that while the ruby and its near relations are found in many parts of the globe, it is in Burmah alone that the gem is unearthed in its purest and most fiery form. The intense "pigeons' blood" color and peculiar "fire" of the Burmese ruby give it extraordinary value as compared with other red stones which come into rivalry with it for under the name of "rubies" a great variety of gems not truly entitled to the name have in ancient and modern times passed muster. The only substance which can truly be called "ruby" is pure, timpid, fiery red corundum. This mineral, corundum, is crystallized oxide of aluminium, and forms the basis of nearly every gem (except, of course, the diamond) which we value for hardness, brilliancy and color. A crystal of pure red corundum we call a "ruby," a crystal of the blue variety is prized as a

"sapphire," a green crystal we know as an "emerald," and other tints are known as aquamarine, topaz, and so on. Corundum is found very widely distributed in the East, especially in Ceylon, Thibet and Afghanistan, and in the United States big masses of impure blood-red corundum are found, from which isolated crystals can be cut, and thus entitle the Americans to claim the ruby as a native product. There are a great many red rivals to the Burmese ruby, but with the exception of the red diamond none is so hard. They include the red spinel, the rose topaz, red zircon, rubellite (a form of tourmaline more prized in China than the ruby), and the various garnets. This quality of hardness is one of the most valuable features in the ruby, for it enables the gem to take a high polish. The diamond is, of course, harder, and it is interesting to note that one of the first products evolved from the electrical furnace-a crystallized compound of carbon and silicon-is only less hard than the diamond itself.

The chief scientific interest of the ruby corundum flows from the extraordinary peculiarities of structure that it presents as well as from the mysterious qualities that determine its striking color. It is found in crystals of a great variety of shapes, but all having a tendency to the peculiar habit of growth known to crystallographers as "twinning." By testing crystals of corundum with polarized light its structure is found to be wonderfully complex, and under the microscope its exterior face is covered with a strange network of sculpture, indicative of molecular

But probably the most interesting thing about the corundum crystal is the fact that it is nearly always found to have inclosed and surrounded some foreign body or other which lies imprisoned in it. Stranger still is the fact that these included foreign bodies lie generally disposed of in planes meeting each other at an angle of sixty degrees, the result being to produce the phenomenon of asterism, which is the erm given to the white star of light which is observable on certain jewels cut with a rounded surface. Very frequently the imprisoned body is a minute bubble of gas or drop of liquid, containing sometimes little crystals of its own. The microscopic cavities containing these things are often very numerous. For a long time the nature of the gas and fluid con-

tained in the cavities remained a mystery. The English philosopher Brewster was induced to investigate the subject by hearing that a ruby which an Edinburgh jeweler had placed in his mouth had exploded while in that position, with unpleasant results. Other investigators followed and it has now been made certain that the fluid is no other than liquid carbonic acid gas reduced to that condition by being under The color of the ruby is another of its mysteries, and one which Prof. Judd was only able to touch upon slightly in his lecture. The color is distributed most irregularly and some corundum crystals show in patches the tints of the ruby, the sap-phire, and the emerald all mixed up together. These colors are, of course, due to the special way in which the structure of

the crystal deals with the light passing through it, the ruby absorbing all the rays except those which emerge to give it its characteristic color. How greatly these colors depend on molecular and chemical changes going on in the crystals is obvious from the strange way some gems behave under light and heat. Professor Maskelyne mentions a diamond which, when taken out of the warm pocket and allowed to cool on the table, turned a beautiful red. Professor Jude startled his audience by declaring that the green glass panes used in the conser-vatories at Kew gradually changed through various shades of yellow to a distinct purplish hue under the prolonged action of Rubles change their color in a curious

way under the action of heat. Bluish rubies turn perfectly green, and on cooling regain their original tint. The blue sapphire turns white, and the yellow corundum crystal becomes green. Then there is the strange property of "pleochroism" in the ruby family and its kindred; they exhibit different tints, according to the size of the crystal you are examining. Some amorphous powdered oxide of aluminium was placed in a vacuum tube and subjected to the electrical discharge from a high-ten-

It was shown that the white powder glowed with the brilliant red of the ruby and that the glow continued after the discharge ceased-a fact which seems a curious confirmation of the ancient idea that rubies would glow for a time in the dark. The same experiment was repeated with a variety of corundum stones, artificial rubies, etc., to show the greater or less degree of ruby glow exhibited by each.

DOWN THE ANDES.

A Rough and Exciting Ride on the Transandine Railway. Blackburn Times.

A correspondent sends an interesting description of a crossing of the Cordillera de os Andes, in the present state of the Transandine railway. The letter says: By 7 a. m. we were at the first inn on the Chili side. We there chartered a fourhorse carriage to drive us to the end station (on this side) of the railway, which feat was accomplished in two hours' time. I call it a feat because the road is all along the river cut into the mountain side, and often

there is hardly room for four horses abreast

to pass, and when I looked out of the win-dow into the roaring river below I often wished I had been on my mule. We did the distance between the two end stations in about half the time usually em-ployed, only being on horseback for seven hours and two hours in the carriage. At the station we were told that there would be no train to Los Andes till 3 p. m. next day, but we might telegraph for the contractor's engine to take us to town, which

we did. We had only to pay \$30 for it, and saved the whole day by doing so.

At about 10 a. m. the engine arrived, and a very flimsy little thing it looked. We were put on a small bench at the back of the boiler, the driver and stoker standing in We were soon spinning through tunnels, over bridges and around curves, on a track of about two feet six inches gauge, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and it was all that we could do to hold on to the jolting and rattling little ma-chins. I don't believe I ever passed a worse half hour, expecting every moment to see the engine leave the track, and to be dashed into the river below.

Stones on the line, which made us all jump off our seats, animals running across the rails, sudden desperate curves around the corner of the rock cliff-nothing seemed to daunt our driver, and the noise was so great that it was impossible to ask him to slacken down. After we had gone half way. however, he lost a kettle overboard and stopped to pick it up, and then I remon-strated with him and told him to slacken speed, as I did not care to risk my life for the sake of getting to Los Andes a few minutes sooner. He said there was no danger, but drove more slowly, and we got into Los Andes an hour and two minutes after mounting this infernal machine. and right glad I was when we drew up alongside the platform with our bodies and luggage safe and sound."

SAVED BY A WHITE GLOVE.

How a United States Trooper Killed Chief Crazy Horse.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

"It is difficult to believe any thrilling story of wild Western life after reading the lurid accounts of bravery and coolness in face of danger, especially when dealing with Indians, that are served to the sensational-loving public in cheap novels," said an army officer yesterday. "One is led to look upon Western adventure as mere fiction, and the dangers that beset the early settler as myths, the fancies of powerful imaginations attuned to the public's taste. Yet, I can say that I have seen deeds of heroism quite as astonishing as anything of which I have ever read, even if the hero did not slay from ten to twenty savages

single-handed. "There is one incident which occurred in the post at which I was stationed nearly twenty years ago for which I have never seen credit given to a most courageous fellow, who, single-handed, by his acuteness, saved a whole garrison from massacre, and his only weapon, or, rather, instrument, was a white glove. It happened in this way: We were located in Camp Sheridan, right in the midst of hostile Cheyennes, who had been giving the government no end of trouble by their fearless depredations. Crazy Horse was their most obstreperous chief, and after many vain at-tempts to persuade him to surrender by force of arms, we had about given up hope, when we learned that the chief was willing to receive officers to arrange the terms of surrender. As it was, we would have long before fallen prey to the merciless devil who were about us on all sides had, it not been that at that time the Sioux were in hostile relations to the Cheyennes, and in working out their spite they guarded us as

if we were of their own tribe.

"A detail was sent to confer with Crazy Horse, and resulted in bringing him to the agency, willing to surrender. It was necesinson-to arrange more fully the conditions, so, while awaiting a convenient time to conduct him to the commander, old Crazy Horse was placed in the guard house, according to custom. Although his friends had practically free access to him then they could not understand the meaning of his imprisonment, and were constantly suspicious of treachery. After a while they began to bring little files and saws for the chief to use to gain his freedom. One day a fellow named Bolt was assigned the duty of guarding the prisoner, and as he walked to and fro he was surprised to find that Crazy Horse had sawed through the bars and was in a fair way to join his comrades on the outside. Quick action was necessary, for there were everal Cheyennes in the guardhouse, but luckily were not looking in the direction of the cell at the time. Bole was equal to the emergency. Like a flash his gun was thrust through the bars and his bayonet was run clean through Crazy Horse's body. He fell back with a groan in such a natural position that a person would have noticed him particularly. Bole was quice to apprehend the danger in which his act had placed him. If it were known that he had slain the favorite chief of the Cheyennes, it would not only mean sure death to him, but it would provoke a general massacre in the garri So, without a moment's delay, he pulled of his white glove, and, with a rapid motion, wiped every trace of blood from the bayonet. Then, quickly digging a hole in the earth floor, he buried the blood-stained glove, and in a moment he had taken another glove from his pocket, had it on his hand and was doing his guard duty as if nothing had happened.
"How he happened to have that extra glove in his pocket I cannot tell. It was

most unusual, as any army man knows. This was done so quickly that the Cheyennes who were in the guardhouse at the time never noticed what had happened Crazy Horse lay for some little while, his life blood ebbing away, before his friends discovered anything had happened. But finally they knew something was wrong and they rushed into their chief. His life was too far gone to allow him to tell how he came by his death. He died without giving the slightest clew. At first his braves thought he had committed suicide, but then their naturally suspicious natures began to suspect treachery, and as Bole was the only man near him they fastened

the crime upon the guardsman.
Imagine Bole's feelings when they accused him. Discovery meant sure death. but Bole braved the storm and stood unmoved by their angry accusations and blood-thirsty threats. Finally, the cap-tain had to accede to their demands and permit the braves to search Bole for blood

stains. I remember they stripped the poor fellow and examined him from head to foot. Then all his garments were scrutinized as well as his weapons, but not the stain of a drop of blood could be found. The white glove had done its work well. Having no other explanation, the Indiana decided their chief had killed himself. Crazy Horse was buried by his warriors with great honors, and the grave on the bluff, inclused by three fences over which were placed the navy blue blankets which the post commander had thought advisable to give toward the proper burial of the dead chief, was the pride of all the Cheyennes a long time. Thus ended Crazy Horse, and this is how a simple white glove in the hands of the hero saved a whole garrison. When a man is around with courage and coolness his weapons need not be sharp."